THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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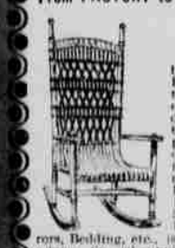

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—BY—

Swift Creek Dairy and Stock Farm

One hundred head of gilt edge bred registered Jersey Cows, Heifers and young bulls blended blood of the noted Stoke Pogis, St. Lambert, Commassie and other strains. Heifers $20.00 to $50.00; Bulls $15.00 to $30.00. Males kept only from my best cows. Remember the bull is half the herd so buy and breed up. Poland China swine always on hand. Write for what you want.

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Chronic Diseases,

All who are suffering with any BLOOD TROUBLE, would be wise to call on or address by mail. Consultation free and medicines compounded to suit each particular case. When writing to me please enclose stamp for reply.

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The Young Recruit.

"GET RIGHT AMONG THEM BILL."

Pathetic Story of A Boy Who Never Showed The "Dominicker."

Judge Falligant can tell a war story better than any living man. Here is a pathetic one in his own words:

"While at home recruiting his command in men and horses an old farmer friend came to gallant Colonel Bill Delaney and said: 'Bill, my boy here has got the war fever. His mother and I have tried to get it out of him, but it's no use. He swears he'll run away if I don't let him go, so I've mounted him on the best racing colt I had, and here he is. Take him with you, but I've this much to say. If he ever shows the dominicker, kill him right then and there. Don't let him come home.' The old farmer raised game chickens and fought them too. He had a contempt for dominicker roosters because he didn't think they would fight, and that was his blunt way of describing a coward. Delaney turned and saw a fair haired country lad of 17, standing perfectly erect, his lips compressed, but a vivid fire flashing from his steel blue eyes. The boy never said a word, but parted tenderly from the old man and went to Virginia to join the cavalry.

"Delaney watched with pride the rapid improvement of the young recruit, but had forgotten the incident until the great cavalry fight at Brandy Station. When squadrons were charging and countercharging with the intrepid clash and dash of the Light Brigade, Pierce Young suddenly ordered him to attack a Federal brigade that was forming on the flank.

"'Get right among them, Bill, and break them up with cold steel!' was the order. 'Don't give them time to form.'

"The words were hardly spoken when his command, Delaney far in advance, was sweeping down upon the foe, but before he was within 100 feet of the enemy something went by him like a cyclone's breath. The Georgia boy was standing on tiptoe in his stirrups, bareheaded, his golden hair streaming, with saber high in air, and as he passed, with the light of battle in his face and eyes flashing defiance, he turned in his saddle and shouted, 'Colonel, here's your dominicker!'

"A moment more, and he struck the enemy's line like a cannon shot, his saber flashing on every hand until he was literally hacked down by the startled foemen. When the fight was over, Delaney looked for him, and there he lay in the calm of death, his boyish face glorified with the dying thought, 'They'll tell pa I never showed the dominicker!'"—Atlanta Constitution.

MISFORTUNE OF HEREDITY

"Here I am," said the colonel, "eager to fight for my country, and I can't get a regiment to command!"

"Why not enlist as a private then?"

"Fool!" cried the colonel, "don't you know I was born the other way?"

IN HIS OWN HANDS.

"I suppose you swore eternal constancy to Fred?" "No, I told him the length of our engagement depended largely on himself." "In what way?" "I told him if he hustled around and fought vigorously and shortened the war I would wait for him. But I couldn't stand a long struggle."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It is not our fairest days that ruin us, but our fear and cowardice is making new beginnings after failure.

When a young man asks a father for his daughter's hand in marriage, if the father is a wise one, he thinks of one thing equally as important as the young man's morals, social and business standing and intelligence. A young man who suffers from ill-health has no right to marry until his health is restored. To do so is to commit a crime against the human race. While all diseases may not be directly inherited, the constitutional tendency to acquire them is inherited. If a man is a consumptive, the chances are that his children will have weak, undersized lungs, and a predisposition to acquire the same disease.

The young man who suffers from bronchitis, weak lungs, spitting of blood or any disease of the air passages which, if neglected leads up to consumption, may take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery with almost absolute assurance of recovery. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases when taken in time. It soothes and heals the delicate and sensitive tissues of the air-passages and lungs, checks the cough, facilitates expectoration, drives out all impurities and disease germs from the tainted blood and builds new and healthy tissues.

Mr. John G. Born, of 426 Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., writes: "Some thirty months ago I said to my wife, 'I don't want to keep anything from you. I must tell you I am in the last stage of consumption.' In December 1896 I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I could then only speak in whispers. I have taken thirteen bottles, and can say with truth I am greatly benefited. People are surprised to hear me speak. I can hallo, and my voice has not been as good in eight years. My stomach was never in better condition. Formerly I could not eat without suffering very much immediately after, but now I can eat anything."

Just For Luck.

THINGS DONE FOR LUCK.

Some Old Superstitions, Not All of Which Have Entirely Disappeared.

We are content today to throw rice at a newly married couple or an old shoe or two, and the bride tosses her bouquet among the girls to infatuate her who is lucky enough to catch it that she will be the next one married, but wheat is really the thing to throw because the evil spirits hate the color of yellow above all things. If white grain like rice is used, it attracts them, and to become efficacious should be colored yellow with turmeric or some similar dye. Ghosts and the things that bring ill luck hate leather, so old shoes are proper, except in those instances when it was suggested that the guests throw the carriage and let the couple drive away in the shoe. But a shoe under your pillow is a radical cure for nightmare, and cramps in bed can be averted by placing a slipper upside down at the foot of the couch. The use of trunk straps, slippers, leather whips and the like on small boys also prevents the approach of new spirits of mischief and drives off the old ones. It is well for the bridegroom to sew garlic, cloves and rosemary in his waistcoat before the ceremony. No spirit gets depraved enough to stand that combination. The route at a wedding must be arranged so that everything is done as the sun travels or as the hands of a watch go round. Anciently there used to be a sacred fire about which the bride and groom danced in this manner.

It is all right enough to find a four leaved clover, a horseshoe or the like, but mere picking them up is not lucky. It must be an assured fact that the finding is a thing of pure chance. Then as the object is taken in hand you must say: "I do not pick up this horseshoe or four leaved clover, (as the case may be), but I pick up good luck. May it never leave me!" Horseshoes are useful for more things than one. A crooked nail from one is a sure cure for fits, or, if placed in the nest of a sitting hen, will keep her from being frightened off by thunder. Made into a ring and worn on the third finger of the left hand it cures rheumatism. But it cannot be insisted upon too strongly that all these things must be found. You cannot buy luck.

Mirrors are good things to have—if they remain whole. It is always wise to have a little one set in a ring, broach or bracelet. You know, evil things are unable to withstand a sight of themselves. If they catch the slightest glance of their ugly visages, they flee for their very existence. This makes a barber shop a lucky place to have your hair cut in, but the barber must be particular to go to the top of a hill with all his clippings and let them blow away, else something undesirable may find the hair and work you mischief. There are some barbers in Chicago who are known to be careless about climbing hills for this purpose. Holding a mirror in front of a man when he is sleeping will put a stop to any hailstorm if persisted in, and, by the way, the unluckiest thing in the world is to steal from a blacksmith. Many a man has been known to be defeated on election day because in his boyhood he took things from the smithy without permission, and it is also unfortunate to make any disposition of the parings of your finger nails except to bury them.

The evil eye is an ancient institution and one worthy of regard. The animus behind the owner of the bad eye is always envy. He sees something he wants and looks askance at it, and after that the thing never has any luck. Then, when the evil eyed one sees that, she cannot wish for it, and her power is gone. In some places this is done by putting a little piece of black court plaster or something similar on the face. Lampblack on the eyelids is famous, though pains should be taken not to make it look like long eyelashes. In Chicago the favorite cosmetic for this purpose is soot—what the British call "blacks." These are generally worn, and it has been eruditely surmised that this is one reason why the city and its inhabitants have such good luck. No envious visitor has ever been able to make the city look through the smoke nuisance.—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE BOMBSHELL'S WAY.

"Dese bombshells," said the colored inhabitant, "ain't got no manners. W'en dey comes ter see you' dey don't stop ter consider ef dey's any room, but knocks de do' down en takes possession. One come ter a house once whar woz a man had de rheumatism, en tuck off de leg whut de rheumatism woz in, en I kin safely say dat man wuz'n troubled wid rheumatism no mo'!"

Fashion rules the largest empire and collects her tax in gold and blood.

Earth has no brighter blossom than the little child smiling through rags.

An hour of careful thinking is worth more than ten of careless talking.

Bank Notes.

REMEMBERED HIS MOTHER.

The Old Woman Thought The Pretty Notes Were Pictures.

An old woman in Scotland was living in the most abject poverty. Her neighbors thought it strange, knowing that she had a son in America reputed to be in comfortable circumstances. One day one of them ventured to ask her about the matter.

"Does your son never send you money?"

"No," reluctantly answered the mother, but, eager to defend him against the implied charge of forgetfulness and ingratitude, she quickly added, "but he writes me nice long letters and sends me a pretty picture in almost every one of them."

"Where are these pictures?" queried the visitor; "may I see them?"

"Why certainly," was the answer. And the old woman went to a shelf and took down the old Bible, and there between the leaves lay the "pictures" that her son had been sending from America through all the years.

What were they? Nothing more or less than bank notes, each for a considerable amount. During all this time of need the woman had had under her hand a sum of money sufficient to satisfy her every want, and she did not know it. She had looked at the pictures; she had thought them pretty pictures; they had been to her reminders of her far-off son, and evidence that he had not forgotten her, and that was all.

Of what does the little story remind you? Are we not often, like this woman, finding "pictures" in the Book where we should find wealth for the supply of our needs? God's promises are bank bills, they are checks and drafts upon the bank on high. We look at them, read them, admire them; we think of the love that prompted God to make them and give them to us; we imagine circumstances in which they would be peculiarly and exceedingly precious and helpful. Then we shut the Bible and leave them there, and go out to face the poverty and destitution of life. We do not use them, spend them, buy with them, live upon them, as we might and ought.—Golden Rule.

WITTY SAYINGS.

The cause that he are fighting for
Hath growing great dimensions,
But since it seems a bloodless war,
We'll not be swamped on pensions!

The Spanish comic newspapers continue to picture us as pigs. But that is because we are rooting them out of their possessions.

Fitzhugh Lee speaks well of Blanco and says he is a good man in his way. The fact, remains, however, that he's very much in our way just now, and we'll have to remove him.

Leslie's Weekly prints another taking picture of General Miles. But really, the general should cease taking pictures and take a few towns.

As some one hath written:
"The world is in tune,"
And the melon is ripe,
And—thank heaven for June!

An exchange, referring to the war, says: "The devil is to pay now."

Well, let him wait until peace is declared when we will make Spain include him in our indemnity.

Here is the yell of the seniors of a western female seminary.

'Whang! Bang! Zip! Boom! Yite!
Hurrah! Ki-Yi! Green and White!
Hullabaloo Baloo! Balate!
Lasell! Lasell! Ninety-Eight!"

Well, may God help us all!

In commenting on the departure of the actor, Mr. E. S. Willard, for Europe, a Boston paper says: "Quietly, and with a slow, deliberate step, he walked up the gangplank."

That's just what we expected of him. If he had not been deliberate in his stepping he might have fallen overboard, and there was no occasion for him to go up boisterously. We have still known Mr. Willard for a quiet, careful man. We are glad he did not disappoint us in this instance.—Atlanta Constitution.

I was seriously afflicted with a cough for several years, and last fall had a more severe cough than ever before. I have used many remedies without receiving much relief, and being recommended to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, by a friend, who knowing me to be a poor widow, gave it to me. I tried it, and with the most gratifying results. The first bottle relieved me very much and the second bottle has absolutely cured me. I have not had as good health for twenty years. I give this certificate without solicitation, simply in appreciation of the gratitude felt for the cure effected. Respectfully, Mrs. Mary A. Beard, Claremore, Ark.

For sale by W. M. Cohen Weldon, J. N. Brown, Halifax, Dr. A. S. Harrison, Enfield, Druggists.

The gift of silence is often more valuable than the gift of speech.

She's Here Yet.

OLD BLOCKADE RUNNER.

A Famous Craft Still Plies The Waters Carrying Watermelons.

Few people are aware of the fact that there is still in existence, with a Parts mouth registry, a blockade runner of the late war. She is still a staunch craft, and although she no longer fears the round shot from a blockading fleet, she skims about as lively as though she were seeking to escape from some swift pursuing corvet. The ex-blockade runner is the Mayflower, Captain G. T. Taylor, and she is now used in the coastwise trade. In summer she carries watermelons to Baltimore or Jersey points and also to Washington, where at one time she was held as a prize of war, says the Norfolk Virginian.

The Mayflower was built primarily for the perilous work she was put to, and to that end, she was made exceedingly fast. Her keel was laid in Nassau, West Indies, and she was launched there in 1862.

The Confederates used her as a blockade runner in and out of Charleston harbor for a long while, and she was so swift that the United States cutters were unable to capture her. At last, after making a magnificent dash for the high sea, she was caught in a dead calm. A United States gunboat bore down and nabbed her. She was taken to Washington, confiscated by the Federal government and sold under the hammer. After the war she was used in the fishing business and finally taken to Norfolk and again sold, and for 18 years she has been known as one of the fastest boats in Virginia waters.

"How long is she?" the Virginia man was asked upon the occasion of his visit to the old craft, glancing from bow to stern.

"She's got a net tonnage of 1,246 and a gross tonnage of 2,127," the skipper replied. "And she's 62 feet over all," he went on, "and 17 feet abeam."

"Quite large sails?" the reporter remarked.

"Yes; 500 square yards of canvas," the skipper replied, "and that big spread of canvas saved her from going to the bottom some 30 years ago. She outran many a Federal cruiser, and more than one cannon ball has skipped across her bows in the days when she was bringing needful things to the Confederacy. But she's here yet."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

LOST BOTH OF 'EM.

The boy had enlisted in the army—had slipped away from home and "joined the regiment," and the old couple worried over it until the mother decided that the old man must go after him and bring him home.

After weary journeys the old man reached the camp and saw his boy on dress parade, and heard the band play "Dixie," as of old, and he got enthused, and "hurrahed" louder than any one else, and patted his boy on the shoulder, and telegraphed home:

"Maria: The durn thing look so much like old times that I think I'll jine her myself! Send me my old rifle an' canteen by express. Hooraah! All well."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cent per box. For Sale by W. M. Cohen.

THE TEST.

Maid (breathlessly)—Oh, miss, both the gents you is engaged to has called, and they're in the parlor, and somehow or other they found it out, and, oh, miss, I'm afraid there'll be trouble!

Miss Flirtie—Horrors! Oh, dear! What shall I do?

Maid (after reflection)—I'll fix it. I'll run an tell 'em you're cryin' y'r eyes out 'cause y'r father has lost all his money. Then you can keep the one who says.

Two minutes later the maid returned to say that both the gents had gone.—London Tid-Bits.

One good American from two bad Spaniards.
Exchange.

De | Lome
Wey | ler.

Skin Diseases.

For the speedy and permanent cure of tetter, salt rheum and eczema, Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment is without an equal. It relieves the itching and smarting almost instantly and its continued use effects a permanent cure. It also cures itch, barber's itch, scald head, sore nipples, itching piles, chapped hands, chronic sore eyes and granulated lids.

Dr. Cady's Condition Powders for horses are the best tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge. Price, 25 cents. Sold by

For sale by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, J. N. Brown, Halifax, Dr. A. S. Harrison, Enfield, Druggists.

Nothing is so pleasing or so horrid as the music of your own harp.

An Innocent Boy.

A PROBLEM IN MUTE LOVEMAKING.

Mabel Got Up And Turned Down the Gas.

Paul Milliken, who is quite an expert in the language of the deaf mutes, says that one morning last week he was coming down on the Avondale car, when he became interested in a discussion between two mutes.

"Say, I want your advice," said one of them, using his hands as vocal organs.

"I shall be happy to oblige you," said the other.

"Are you up on the tricks of women?" inquired the first one.

The second man modestly admitted that he knew something of the gentler sex, although he disclaimed being an oracle.

"Well," resumed the one who wanted advice, "you know, I am in love with Mabel. That pretty little blonde, you know. At last I made up my mind to propose to her. Last night I made the attempt."

"And she turned you down?" eagerly inquired his friend, his hands trembling so with excitement that he stuttered badly.

"That is what I am coming to," said the first. "I don't know whether she did or not. You see, I was somewhat embarrassed, and the words seemed to stick on my hands. And there she sat, as demure as a dove. Finally, my fingers clove together, and I could not say a word. Then Mabel got up and turned the gas down."

"Well?"

"Well, what is bothering me is this. Did she do that to encourage me and relieve my embarrassment, or did she do it so we could not see to talk in the dark and so stop my proposal?"

NO INTERRUPTION.

The newly elected Justice of the Peace faced the happy pair. In all his legal experience he had never tackled so abstruse a problem. Nevertheless he determined to proceed with the ceremony to the best of his somewhat rattled ability. He went on with the affair by jerky and occasionally inaudible degrees. Presently he looked vacuously around him and hoarsely inquired:

"Does any man present know of any impediment to this union?

He saw that nobody understood him. He tried again.

"Does any man know of any bar?"—

He was interrupted by the bridegroom.

"That's a bar next door," said the happy man, "but, hev yer boots, squire, that won't be a drop o' lickerin' till you say hitched!"

And the ceremony proceeded.

SHE MIGHT.

"There is one thing you don't have to do anyhow," growled Mr. Wildefunks through the lather that covered his face as he proceeded to strop his razor. "You're always complaining about your hardships. You ought to be mighty thankful you haven't got a beard to bother you."

"I don't know about that," replied Mrs. Wildefunks. "If I was a bearded lady, I believe I could make a better living for this family than you're making."—Chicago Tribune.—

A TOUGH ROUTE.

"Somewhere in the south," says Congressman Salloway, "a bright colored boy appeared before the civil service commission to be examined for the position of letter carrier. 'How far is it from the earth to the moon?' was the first question asked by those who were to determine the young man's fitness for the place he sought. 'How fah am it from de earf to de moon?' echoed the applicant. 'My Lawd, boss, if you's gwine to put me on dat route I don't want de job.' With that the young man grabbed his hat and left as though he were chased."

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for children, while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. 25 cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

"Waal, girls," said Uncle Si Low, who was visiting his nieces, "when you come down to the farm in the summer you make lots av fun ur us because we eat in the kitchen. But I don't see ez it makes much difference whether you eat in the kitchen or cook in the dining room."

An Old Idea.

Every day strengthens the belief of eminent physicians that impure blood is the cause of the majority of our diseases. Twenty-five years ago this theory was used as a basis for the formula of Browns' Iron Bitters. The many remarkable cures effected by this famous old household remedy are sufficient to prove that the theory is correct. Browns' Iron Bitters is sold by all dealers.

Some Stops To Make.

FORGET SELF IN MAKING OTHERS HAPPY.

Banish Fear By Ceasing to Think or Talk About It.

Stop thinking of the body; keep it clean and comfortably and becomingly clothed, and then forget the thing in the idea which you should endeavor to express through it—man made in the image of God. Your body should be no more to you than your house, through which you should endeavor to express the idea—home.

Stop finding fault with the weather and speaking of every change of the atmosphere as if sickness were contained therein. Refuse to take cold. Some people speak of certain days and atmospheres as "good for pneumonia."

Stop describing your sensations. Stop saying you feel sick, feel tired, feel weak, feel hot, feel cold, feel anything. Cultivate thought, not sensation.

Forget self in making others happy.

Banish fear by ceasing to think or talk about it. Stop saying "I am afraid" of anything.

Fear, distrust and doubt are depressing sensations. Cultivate hope, faith and trust. They are the tonics of the mind.

Realize that there is but one Life in the universe, and that man cannot be separated from that Life.

Be not anxious if the day pass by in which you fail to eat breakfast, dinner or supper; but do not allow a day to pass without adding some thought to your mental store, which you will be glad to incorporate into your morality.

Never say you are in poor health. There is no qualification to health. You might as well speak of poor harmony.

Establish an equilibrium of mind, and the bodily functions will take care of themselves.—Exchange.

Are You Weak?

Weakness manifests itself in the loss of ambition and aching bones. The blood is watery; the tissues are wasting—the door is being opened for disease. A bottle of Browns' Iron Bitters taken in time will restore your strength, soothe your nerves, make your blood rich and red. Do you more good than an expensive special course of medicine. Browns' Iron Bitters is sold by all dealers.

She (sewing a button on his shirt)—"John, were you very greatly flustered when you proposed to me?" He—"Yes. To tell you the truth, I was so rattled that night I didn't know what I was doing." As yet he hasn't succeeded in getting her to listen to an explanation.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure

Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

THE OLD MAN'S VIEW OF IT

The old lady was reading the first letter her son had written since his enlistment in the army. She read aloud.

"'I have been in two battles, and had one arm shot off. Was promoted five times for bravery, and rose from private to colonel in two weeks' time. I will be a general by the time you get my next letter.'"

The old man took it all in, and then pronounced this verdict, between puffs from his pipe.

"The Lord says, all liars shall have their portion in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone, but 'cordin' to the date on that letter, John's in Tampa!"

W. M. HABLISTON & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Furniture,

CARPETS, STOVES,

and Mattresses, etc.

IMMENSE STOCK

AND LOW PRICES.

W. M. HABLISTON & CO.,

No. 20 N. Sycamore St., Petersburg, Va.
10 26 1y.

WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY and active gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible, established house in North Carolina. Monthly $65.00 and expenses. Position steady. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. R, Chicago.

THE DREADED CONSUMPTION

T. A. Slocum, M. C., the Great Chemist and Scientist, Will Send Free, to the Afflicted, Three Bottles of Newly Discovered Remedies to Cure Consumption and all Lung Troubles.

Nothing could be finer, more philanthropic or carry more joy to the afflicted, than the offer of T. A. Slocum, M. C., of 183 Pearl street, New York City.

Confident that he has discovered an absolute cure for consumption and pulmonary complaints, and to make its great merits known, he will send, free, three bottles of medicine, to any reader of the Roanoke News who is suffering from chest, bronchial, throat and lung troubles or consumption.

Already this "new scientific course of medicine" has permanently cured thousands of apparently hopeless cases.

The doctor considers it his religious duty—a duty which he owes to humanity—to donate his infallible cure.

Offered freely, is enough to commend it, and more so is the perfect confidence of the great chemist making the proposition.

He has proved the dreaded consumption to be a curable disease beyond any doubt.

There will be no mistake in sending—the mistake will be in overlooking the generous invitation. He has on file in his American and European laboratories testimonials of experience from those cured, in all parts of the world.

Don't delay until it is too late. Address T. A. Slocum, M. C., 98 Pine street, New York, and when writing the Doctor, please give express and postoffice address and mention reading this article in the Roanoke News.

W. W. KAY,

—Dealer In—

Liquors, Wines,

CROCERIES AND CIGARS.

Why not call on W. W. Kay, as he is open both night and day. Keep the following brands of well known whskies:

"Old Ossie Pepper."
Gump's G. P. R. Rye.
Stump Straight."
"Gordon Baltimore Rye"
and other brands.

I sell Garrett & Co.'s pure Chockoyotte wines.

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